

## Sigourney Weaver

John Grant

When I woke up today, the air was very strange.  
I couldn't feel my skin, and there was evil in my bones.  
I tried to speak but found that I didn't have a voice.  
It was a prison like the one you would find in the Twilight Zone.

And I feel just like Sigourney Weaver  
When she had to kill those aliens.  
And one guy tried to get them back to the Earth.  
And she couldn't believe her ears.

So I was taken or I went towards what was west--  
To where the ground was dead--and struck out at the giant sky.  
The sky was black and filled with tiny silver holes,  
And it was there, with a frightened voice, that I began to cry  
out loud.

I feel just like Winona Ryder  
In that movie about vampires.  
And she couldn't get that accent right;  
Neither could that other guy.

And I feel just like I am on Jupiter--  
The one that looks like rainbow sherbet--  
But it doesn't lend itself to life.  
And I haven't finished yet.